

Correspondence

Why Modernity?

EDITOR: Michael Novak's brilliant article, "An American Catholic Literature?" (9/16), will be followed, we may hope, by others of the same caliber. I wish, however, that one of them would explain why the American Catholic, who "finds himself outside modernity," should want to get in.

Modernity is worth understanding, certainly. It has, moreover, elements that are worth absorbing into our own thought. But it is a view of the world and an understanding of man which Catholics, however sophisticated, are not likely to be eager to share. Our own philosophy will develop, of course, perhaps very rapidly. But I see little future for us in what is now called modernity and will one day be as dated as the *via moderna* of 14th-century nominalism.

FRANCIS CANAVAN, S.J.

Princeton, N. J.

Helping the Poor

EDITOR: Fr. William A. Schumacher's "On Loving the Poor" (5/28) is a masterpiece. I am privileged to work among the poor in this corner of India, and his article gave me a moral boost.

The poor in some ways are pretty much the same all over the world, but I have the heartbreaking task of watching a very likeable people, attractive in so many ways, simply go down. Unlike the poor in slums, the Santals, aborigines and an agricultural and pastoral people, retain their picturesqueness attractiveness even in their great poverty.

Over the years, they have been mercilessly exploited by many of their often unscrupulous neighbors. As a result, they have lost much of their land and must go to the mica mines, the only work available to them, to support themselves. They are unable to stand up to this work, and thus the wage earners often contract tuberculosis and must return to homes where there is no food, no medicine and no money.

I am grateful for the Catholic Relief Services supplies that I have received. This helps, but the whole area needs a large-scale, long-range program if the Santals are to survive. The other day, the local doctor, a friendly man but with no adequate means to do effective work, told me that 80 per cent of the Santals in this area are infected with tuberculosis.

If prompt action is not taken, the Santals here will be finished in 15 or 20 years.

There is one point in which I do not entirely agree with Fr. Schumacher. He writes: "We cannot love the poor merely through a check or a gift." But checks and gifts often represent personal sacrifice and are the only way busy men and women can help the poor. Were it not for the personal sacrifices of my benefactors, God bless them, my work here could not go on.

JOHN A. MORRISON, S.J.

Sacred Heart Church
Chakai, Via Simultala
Monghyr District, Bihar, India

Out of the Ghetto

EDITOR: I read your comment (7/16, p. 446) on the "open ghetto" suggestion with interest. I do not know what percentage of Catholics accept the moral standards of their non-Catholic neighbors in regard to

contraception. I do know that people have turned to artificial birth control because it is easy to get advice and information on this method and quite difficult to get reliable information on the "rhythm" method.

I would suggest that this information be made readily available to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, before we retreat into Catholic isolation. I have a distinct recollection of being told that lights were meant to be put on stands and not under bushels and that leaven is necessary if the bread is to rise. Any other course sounds neither practicable nor charitable.

KITTY ANN HOBSON

Concord, Calif.

Favorite Son

EDITOR: To correct an otherwise excellent article, "Reclaiming the Tragic Sense" (7/9), David Yount should return to Arizona its former Governor, Howard Pyle. At the time he spoke in Detroit, Mr. Pyle was Administrative Assistant to President Eisenhower, having just completed his second term of office in Phoenix. He is now president of the National Safety Council.

(Msgr.) ROBERT J. DONOHOE, V.F.
Phoenix, Ariz.

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Assistant Director
JOHN B. AMBERG, S.J.

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Do you recall how often we printed in *America* the bizarre ad reproduced here in miniature? It reads: "Let's keep the foreman and his men calm during the August-September scramble for textbooks. Why not order now--immediate shipping, but delayed billing? There's no other therapy."

Catholic schools have cooperated splendidly in breaking the traditional late-fall textbook bottleneck. We now are filling fall orders with September billing. The early-ordering-late-billing plan works well for everyone.

Did you stop at our NCEA booth? You then saw our three new books: Joseph B. Schuyler, S.J.'s *Northern Parish* (\$8) is of interest to any pastor curious to know how a professional sociologist might analyze his parish.

Charles W. Mulligan, S.J.'s *For Writing English* (\$5) is a 600-page handbook and reference book for college students, teachers, writers, editors, and secretaries--as well as for all those who cherish accuracy in English.

Sister M. Agnes Therese, I.H.M.'s 72-page *Christ in the Mass* is for youngsters four to seven. It sells for \$.60 since we want it to be in as many little hands as possible.

Sincerely yours,

John B. Amberg, S.J.

Current Comment

GOP in Chicago

As the Republicans gathered at the International Ampitheatre in Chicago's stockyards this week, only two of the three major items on the agenda left room for speculation: the adoption of a platform and the selection of a running mate for Richard Milhous Nixon. For several months now it has been a foregone conclusion that the Vice President would be the GOP pick to extend for another four years the party's lease on the White House.

A combination of circumstances impressed on the delegates the seriousness of their task. Two months ago, the outlook for November was a politician's dream. The party was in a position to go to the people with the unbeatable argument that it had promoted prosperity at home and assured peace abroad. It can still talk in those terms, but not nearly so convincingly. The collapse of the Summit meeting at Paris and of the disarmament talks at Geneva, the U-2 and RB-47 incidents, the open alliance between Cuba and the Communist bloc, the explosion in the Congo—all have contributed to an uneasy feeling that such peace as does exist today exists very precariously. At home, the roaring prosperity that so many predicted last January has not materialized. Since early summer the economy has been drifting sideways, and although hopes are high for an upward thrust in the fall, no one can be sure what will happen.

The delegates at Chicago had to think soberly, too, of the Kennedy-Johnson ticket chosen at Los Angeles and of the platform adopted there. In short, what looked to many last spring like a shoo-in has become a real horse race.

The UN and the Congo

"United Nations assistance would be most welcome this very evening. It will still be of service if it arrives in the Congo before the weekend." Thus, in a tone of urgency, spoke the U.S. Ambassador to the UN, Henry Cabot

Lodge, at the emergency session of the Security Council on the evening of Wednesday, July 18. Despite delaying tactics by the Russian delegate, the Council voted the next day to dispatch UN troops to restore order in the Congo.

On Friday, the 15th, a mere 48 hours after Mr. Lodge's call for action, a UN command had been set up in Leopoldville under Maj. Gen. Carl Carlsson von Horn of Sweden; the first detachment of 70 Tunisian soldiers had arrived; and forces from other African states—Ghana, Guinea, the Mali Federation and Morocco—were on the way. By Monday, the 18th, the UN force stood at 3,500 men and had already had a "salutary effect" on the situation, according to UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold. One of the most heartening of these effects was that Belgian authorities in the strife-racked region agreed to abide by the orders of the UN commander and to limit military action to the protection of Belgian nationals.

The speed and incisiveness with which the UN moved, its wisdom in not using forces of any major nation in the operation, the enthusiasm with which the Congolese have greeted the peace troops and the calming effect their presence has already had should all combine to silence, at least for the moment, those who are accustomed to deride the UN's usefulness. UN action has certainly saved the day in the Congo; with patient work and enlightened support, it may save the months and years to come.

Mother France's Children

Did France go about things more sagaciously than Belgium, or were conditions more favorable in the French than in the Belgian territories of Africa when the time came to liquidate colonial holdings? If smoothness of transition is the gauge, then the decision must go to France.

Within the next two weeks it is expected that seven more divisions of what were the territories of French West Africa and French Equatorial

Africa will celebrate the grant of full independence as sovereign nations. A separate accord with Gabon is still under negotiation in Paris, but within a few days this potentially most wealthy of the new republics is expected to join its free sisters. The Islamic Republic of Mauretania will complete the emancipation next year, when it receives its promised independence.

The four new republics of former French West Africa are now grouped as the Council of the Entente. They are the Republics of Dahomey, Ivory Coast, Niger and Upper Volta. The three territories of French Equatorial Africa, soon to be joined in principle by Gabon, are united in the Union of Central African Republics. These are the republics of Chad, Central Africa and Congo.

All will retain membership in the French Overseas *Communauté*. The two groupings of nations will continue to work closely together. They will share a common currency and postage, and they will make a common approach to other administrative concerns.

Since these new countries among them have hardly 22 million inhabitants, are not economically viable and are woefully short of trained African administrative personnel, any other course would be the height of folly. In guiding legitimate African nationalism into these common-sense channels, France and its great President have shown an admirable sense of historical perspective.

Good News From Abroad

To a State Department which hasn't had much of late to cheer about, developments last week in countries stretching from Italy to Japan made thrice-welcome news.

In Japan the Diet ratified the choice of Hayato Ikeda to replace Nobusuke Kishi as Prime Minister. A member of the Liberal Democratic party like Mr. Kishi, Mr. Hayato, who was Minister of International Trade and Industry in the old cabinet, is no less friendly than his predecessor to the United States. He is a strong man who can be counted on to restore the prestige of Japanese democracy abroad.

Across the Japan Sea in South Korea, the first election campaign since the fall of Syngman Rhee in April has been generally reassuring. As was to be ex-

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pected after the disaster that befell Mr. Rhee's dominant Liberal party, many new parties have sprung up to contest the 233 seats in the House of Representatives. Strongest among these are the Popular Socialists, the Korean Socialists and the Reform Alliance. They are all anti-Communist. So, of course, is the Democratic party of former Vice President John Chang, which is favored to win a majority of seats and to form the first government under the new parliamentary system.

Even in Italy, where only a fortnight ago the outlook was forbidding, the recent news is good. The center coalition which functioned so successfully under Alcide de Gasperi is apparently about to be refashioned. Once again the small center and left-of-center parties—Republicans, Liberals and Right-wing Socialists—seem disposed to support the Christian Democrats. As the price for this support, the Christian Democrats were obliged to sacrifice Premier Fernando Tambroni, replacing him with the able Amintore Fanfani. Mr. Fanfani is left of center. Mario Scelba, a vigorous anti-Communist, will probably head the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

World Housing Needs

Testimony to the problems posed by inadequate housing came recently from two widely different sources.

Just back from a study of housing in Venezuela, Charles Abrams, now Visiting Professor of Housing at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, published a thoughtful letter on the subject in the July 17 New York Times. His principal concern is with the phenomenon of "squatters" who have been "illegally appropriating land and building precarious hovels on mountain sides, along ditches and even on the streets of busy thoroughfares."

Here is a problem not limited to Venezuela or even to Latin America. To be sure, the proportion of squatters in Caracas totals about 35 per cent of the population. But the proportion in Ankara, Turkey, is about 45 per cent; in Karachi, Pakistan, 33 per cent; in Manila, 20 per cent; in Hong Kong, 18 per cent.

More dangerous, too, than the obvious perils this situation presents to health and sound family morals is the threat it offers to democratic institu-

tions in the emerging nations. The continued existence of subhuman housing, as Mr. Abrams remarks, can only foster a growing cynicism toward the law and grave doubts about effectiveness of governmental policies in a democracy.

Equally impressive was a bit of frank talk in an interview by the new head of the Federal Public Housing Administration, Bruce C. Savage, who admits that in 1953 he came to Washington determined to do all that he could "to knock out public housing." Direct exposure over the years to the contrast between slum-ridden neighborhoods and those improved by public housing projects wrought a change in his views. Now he states: "As long as we have at least one slum area left, we have need for public housing."

Clearly, housing stands as a problem of national and international dimensions. In the decade ahead, it will demand increasing official attention.

John P. Marquand and Fame

Avant-garde and high-brow writers and critics never had much time for novelist John P. Marquand. For one thing, he first won a large public through his inimitable "Mr. Moto" stories that used to grace the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and it's gospel in some circles that a popular writer can never be significant. For another thing, Marquand's subsequent novels sold by the millions, and it is also in the sacred scriptures of some that any author who makes money must pander to low-brow tastes.

It was heartwarming, therefore, to read on the occasion of Marquand's death, July 16, at the age of 66 a sensitive tribute in the editorial columns of the New York Times. Though the item stressed Marquand's talent as a "great storyteller," it did not unduly play down his significance as a commentator on "individual idiosyncrasies against a background of social customs." *The Late George Apley* and *Point of No Return* were mentioned as fine examples of the author's "not-too-savage delineations."

We would like to pay our tribute to the memory of a devoted craftsman and to add another dimension: Mr. Marquand never stooped to the merely sensational, the slyly lubricious. There was always a quiet sense of moral commit-

ment in his work, though it was frequently to be detected most clearly on the obverse of his tapestries. A younger generation will miss much if it dismisses Marquand as a fuddy-duddy.

Baptists in Rio

Our Southern Baptists had ample warning. In a speech last November at Greensboro, N. C., Dr. Thomas Floyd Adams, well-known Baptist leader, fully explained that the decision to hold the quinquennial meeting of the Baptist World Alliance in Rio de Janeiro would take them not only to an overwhelmingly Catholic country, but to a racially integrated country as well. Now that they have gone and returned, what will be the reaction, one wonders, in the Baptist South?

At Rio, delegates from the U. S. Southern Baptist Convention joined their foreign brethren in condemning race prejudice and backing racial equality. Will this now make life somewhat easier for the minority of embattled Baptist ministers who have been subjected to intense pressures by their segregationist congregations? Will the example of life in Brazil, where people are proud of the absence of racial distinctions, begin to work as a leaven in our own Southland? Will integration gradually appear to be less intolerable? If so, this Baptist meeting in a Catholic country may have some unexpected and historic consequences.

The Boy and His Car

There's a Ford in the future of many a teen-ager now working this summer. By the end of vacation they will have earned enough to buy a second-hand automobile and thereby acquire (they think) not only the symbol but the means of independence. Parents, educators and insurance executives, however, are not happy about the growing number of car-owners in high schools.

An athletic director in a California high school, confiding his concern to this Review, says a coach never needs to be told which boy owns a car: the would-be athlete is not only in hopelessly poor condition from lack of real exercise, but he shows he isn't really interested in sports by repeatedly cutting practice in order to earn extra money for the car's upkeep.

Other consequences are more serious. Having a car is often bad on studies, on school activities and on character formation. "On checking the honor roll," reports the correspondent, "you will find very few who own cars at the top of the list." Then there are the

dangers of being able on impulse to take off to distant places miles away, with companions entirely unknown to the parents.

What is to be done? Judson B. Branch, president of Allstate Insurance Company, says it isn't the car but the

control of its use that is important. "Parents," he says, "simply must realize the urgency of exercising more authority over their teen-agers in the matter of how and when they drive." They can at least make sure that the "senior drag" means a dance, not a race.

Bevan: Last of the Radicals?

A NEURIN BEVAN, in his latter years, was a problem child of the affluent society. One says it with no kind of contempt or condescension, but simply to point a problem of which, I am sure, Bevan himself was aware, at least in the last decade of his life.

The dilemma can be stated quite simply. Whether one believes that Britain's affluence has been brought to her because of Labor's mildly socialist policies or despite them, one thing is certain. It is that, in her present prosperity, she is quite uninterested in socialist programs. The old war cries fall on deaf ears. The young are merely bored by them. There is no place for radicalism in an affluent society, yet Nye Bevan was a radical to his finger tips. He was left, in his last days, a rebel without a cause. That was his dilemma. He never quite grew out of it.

There were signs of a mellowing in the final years, of the beginnings, perhaps, of elder statesmanship; but one could never be sure. At any moment, one felt, the wild, silvery torrent of his eloquence might flow and finish all. That is why, though the party loved him, it could never give him the whole of its trust. Meanwhile, its dilemma remains not far removed from that personified in Bevan: it is a rebel without a cause.

Confined in its purpose to the building up of material prosperity, Britain's Labor party has no real answer to give to a Tory program which is achieving that purpose extremely well. Its clothes have been stolen. To recover its place in British political life, Labor must go deeper than it is at present, to burrow beneath the material crust and discover the meaning of man in society, and then to refashion its program accordingly. The problem before British Labor is not, as a commentator has said, to retain in the affluent society a sense of moral purpose. It is, rather, to define its base.

Would Nye Bevan have been able to do that? I doubt it. Apart from the fact that he was, so far as I know, an unbeliever, his mind was too turbulent, his disposition too radical to fit him for the seemingly pedestrian task of painstaking definition. By nature, he favored the broad emotional sweep. He was at his best as the impassioned supporter of a lost cause.

Able though he showed himself as an adminis-

trator in Labor's postwar Government, the thing that carried him through as a Minister was the battle to establish the Health Service. He could not have remained long, I think, in a routine ministerial post, and he had neither the patience nor the tact to hold down a great one. He showed that when he split his party in 1951, flinging himself almost out of it in protest against the personality and type of social approach he discerned in Hugh Gaitskell.

"A desiccated calculating machine," Bevan called the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was to become later on leader of the Labor party. Superb phrasing—but impotent, really. For what had Bevan to offer except a lovely lilting voice and the radical music of his own Welsh valleys? You can build revolutions on poetry; you cannot use it to set society on an ordered, sensible base.

Clement Attlee saw that what Labor wanted in the new age was, in fact, a calculating machine. That is why he chose Gaitskell to succeed him. Nye Bevan, he knew, would have led Labor forward in the grand manner, but he would have led it onto the rocks. If it is almost there now, it is because there are still in the party too many like Nye, the radical, thinking too much with their hearts. One loves them. They give life its color. But their radicalism is misplaced in this day and age.

Only in a crisis, or when confronted with the need of carrying out a concrete magisterial task, could Bevan have sat easily or for any length of time on the Government benches in the House of Commons. His place essentially was in opposition, pouring out on those who steered society along its ordered, affluent way the torrent of his superb eloquence. In this, surely, he resembled none so much as Winston Churchill.

Perhaps that is what Sir Winston thought when, a few weeks ago, Britain's grand old man made one of his rare appearances in the House of Commons and listened with bowed head to tributes which flowed generously from all sides of the House to the memory of one who may well go down in history as amongst the last of Parliament's great radicals. One hopes that it will not be so. No age, least of all a rich one, can do without prophets.

PAUL CRANE

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Washington Front

British Labor and Anglo-American Policy

IN VIEW OF Moscow's intensified efforts to neutralize the use of American military bases overseas, recent developments in the internal politics of the British Labor party are properly a cause of mounting concern in Washington. Admittedly, the Labor party is not in power; just this past October Harold Macmillan and the Conservatives were returned to office with overwhelming electoral support. But in a democratic government a party does not lose influence over policy because it is in opposition. And the potential influence of the Labor party over Great Britain's foreign and military policy is a vital matter for the United States.

Ever since World War II, Great Britain has been our principal ally. Not only have her views and interests received our special consideration, but also with no other country have our military strategy and defense activities been so closely coordinated. It is hardly encouraging, therefore, that Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labor party, is currently engaged in a desperate struggle to secure adoption by his own party of a new Labor defense-policy statement ruling out unilateral nuclear disarmament.

This new defense policy is itself a "compromise." In recent months the sentiment for unilateral disarmament has made such alarming progress among British trade

unions, traditional backbone of the Labor party, that Gaitskell and his advisers have felt constrained to swim partly along with the tide. Thus they have agreed that Britain should no longer manufacture nuclear weapons; that U. S. provision of smaller nuclear weapons for allied ground forces—West Germany excepted—should be kept under strict Nato control; that Britain should not permit establishment on her soil of bases for intermediate-range ballistic missiles.

Even this "compromise" policy has failed to satisfy the trade unions, and the final determination of Labor policy awaits this fall's annual party conference. But whether Gaitskell wins or loses is surely only part of the problem. In order to win, he is already advocating a policy that calls into question existing Anglo-American strategy. To placate his party opponents, he can be expected to push the Macmillan Government hard at every opportunity. In turn, the Macmillan Government, given the interplay of Government-Opposition parties in Parliament, can be expected to heed Labor's criticism if it seems capable of generating considerable support.

Internal political considerations of this kind undoubtedly loomed large in Mr. Macmillan's recent request for a formal arrangement to give Britain advance notice (and veto) of any proposed and possibly provocative U. S. Air Force flights from British bases. Washington has acceded to this seemingly reasonable request. Yet the logic of present British politics should warn us that the British interpretation of a "provocative" flight is subject to Labor's continuing and potentially neutralizing influence.

KARL H. CERNY

On All Horizons

CHRIST IN THE WORLD. The Southwest Area Convention of the Christian Family Movement will be held in Los Angeles Aug. 27-28, with panels and workshops on lay spirituality, family reading, teen-age problems and marriage counseling. (Jane Metzler, 6901 Birchton Ave., Canoga Park, Cal.)

►RETREATS FOR COUPLES. The July issue of *Marriage* magazine (Benedictine Fathers, St. Meinrad, Ind.) has a list of retreat houses in the United States and Canada which offer weekend retreats for married couples.

►OWNERSHIP TODAY. Man and Property in the Modern World will be the theme of the 1960 annual meeting of the National Catholic Social Action Conference. Niagara University will be host to NCSAC, August 26-28. For in-

formation about the Conference or to register for this meeting, write to Donald J. Thorman, *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind.

►CHILDREN'S DAY. The 12th annual Youth and Children's Day in honor of Our Lady of Fatima will be celebrated internationally on Oct. 1. This world-wide, lay-managed, parish-centered event is promoted with episcopal approval by Mrs. T. F. Larkin, 725 W. Colorado Ave., Dallas 8, Texas.

►CFM GUIDE. For the priest without experience in guiding a Christian Family Movement group, there is now a "Tanquerey": *CFM and the Priest*, by Dennis J. Geaney, O.S.A. (Christian Family Movement, 100 W. Monroe St., Chicago 3, Ill. \$1). It is clear, compact and inspiring.

►HELP FOR SCHOLARS. With aid from the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students, 81 Negro men and women will enter 60 inter-racial colleges as freshmen in the fall. Almost as many upperclassmen will continue college with NSSFNS help.

►PATROLOGIST HONORED. The Catholic Theological Society of America gave the annual Cardinal Spellman Award for achievement in theology to Rev. Johannes Quasten, professor of Christian archaeology at the Catholic University of America and editor of the series *Ancient Christian Writers*.

►CULTURAL SERVICE. On seven consecutive Sundays beginning July 31, the National Council of Catholic Men will sponsor on the "Catholic Hour" (NBC radio network) recordings of the "Symposium on the Present Position of Catholics in America" that was held at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., June 11-12.

E.I.

Editorials

Heroes and Villains in the Congo

WITH THE take-over of strategic positions in all but Katanga Province by sizable contingents of the UN emergency force and the withdrawal to their respective bases of Belgian paratroopers and mutinous Congolese troops, one more crisis in the life of the feeble young Republic of the Congo has passed. As the worried world awaits the next crisis, a few events and personages are worth special note.

Up to now, according to AMERICA's corresponding editor on the scene, no reports have reached Leopoldville of attacks by mutineers on priests or religious women. With few exceptions the priests and religious have so far been able to continue at their posts.

Earlier wire dispatches exaggerated the fate of nuns in several convents in Leopoldville Province. Our correspondent is happily able to report the less sensational truth. On two occasions when roving bands of mutinous soldiers showed up at the convents of the Religious of the Sacred Heart at Mbansa-Mboma and of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Kisantu, Congolese priests, on guard throughout the night, were able to protect them. At Mbansa-Mboma, where the religious women had assembled in the chapel, they were threatened with violence and some were struck but nothing worse happened. Sadly, the wives of some lay professors of the neighboring Jesuit college, who had taken refuge in the same convent, could not be protected from outrage.

One of the heroes to emerge during these troubled days is the Auxiliary Bishop of Leopoldville, Most Reverend Joseph Malula. The white-cassocked figure of this slender young Congolese prelate ranged widely over the danger spots. His words calmed angry mutineers and brought consolation to distressed Belgians.

The evil talent the Communists have for exploiting human misery has never been more brazenly displayed than during these days of the Congo's anguish. The steep Marxist leanings of several members of the Lumumba Government, including the wily Prime Minister himself, have long been matter of public record. It is perhaps too soon to complete the proof, but the conviction is growing that a Red hand carefully planned the

explosion that went off within a week of the grant of independence on June 30, and has been busy ever since spreading the flames.

There are grounds for suspecting that certain Congolese leaders have been planning to invite plane loads of Czech, Chinese and Russian technicians to fill the administrative void left after the mass exodus of the Belgians. The judgment of detached observers is that the mutiny of the *force publique*, which triggered the conflict, was provoked and promoted by outside influences. American refugees have agreed that the outbreaks were too well coordinated for them to have occurred by chance. Only trained saboteurs could have so quickly and expertly crippled the extensive port facilities at Matadi.

One reason Premier Moise Tshombe of Katanga Province is trying to separate the copper-rich southeast corner of the Congo from the new republic is his claim that Lumumba aims to establish a Communist-backed regime. Other Congolese leaders, like President Joseph Kasavubu and Albert Kalonji, have long been making the same charge.

At the height of the turbulence, some members of the Lumumba cabinet outdid themselves in their harangues over the state radio. Their hate-spitting and race-baiting addresses drew heavily upon the classic Communist clichés.

The ultimatum flung at the United Nations by the Congolese Prime Minister, and Mr. Khrushchev's reckless threat of intervention "to protect" the Congo also fit into this pattern. Lumumba declared that unless UN troops cleared the Belgians out within 72 hours, he would call in "Soviet Russian troops" to stop the aggression of the "Western camp." (On July 18 the Congolese Senate, repudiating Lumumba, unanimously adopted a resolution "energetically rejecting every possible intervention by the Soviet Union in Congolese affairs.")

UN guardianship, it is hoped, will permit responsible Congolese leaders to get on with the staggering job of making independence work. Whatever help we can give should be speeded to the Congo with our prayers.

Should We Cut the Hours of Work?

THEORETICALLY, the case for reducing the hours of work, like the case for disarmament, is a very persuasive one. Just as disarmament is obviously indicated by the progress that has been made in developing new and terrible weapons systems, so, too, the progress that has been made in automating production points to the reasonableness of reducing the hours of work. Just as it doesn't make much sense to wage war when the outcome is likely to be not only the annihilation of the

combatant nations but of the rest of the world as well, so, also, it doesn't make sense to persist in present work-schedules when the result is loss of thousands of job opportunities and growing unemployment and underemployment.

Practically, however, the obstacles to disarmament today are so strong that current efforts to achieve it are doomed before they start. Since the Communists on the other side of the table are not to be trusted, it is gen-

erally recognized that the free world would be insane to strip itself of the means of defense. That is why many people who believe profoundly in disarmament are today arguing for a bigger defense budget. They are persuaded, and properly so, that the best hope of peace in our times—and of disarmament in the long tomorrow—lies in maintaining the power of the free world on a level at least equal to the power of the Communist world.

Similarly with proposals to reduce the hours of work. When a man reflects that the Cold War ranges over many and varied battlefields, and when he reflects, furthermore, that one of the most crucial of these is the economic battlefield, he is inclined to regard plans for cutting working hours as a kind of surrender to the enemy. Entirely apart from vast domestic needs for roads, low-cost housing, urban renewal, schools, hospitals and other community improvements—not to mention national defense—the American production machine must continue to shoulder much of the economic burden of the Cold War. As was indicated recently when President Eisenhower announced an expanded

aid program for Latin America, this burden is likely to become heavier before it can safely be laid aside.

It is considerations like these which have impelled such liberal-minded men as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency and the Republican Governor of New York to oppose any reduction in working hours at this time. In view of the Communist challenge, they think that the emphasis today should be not on increased leisure, but on expansion, productive work and a faster rate of economic growth.

That is a logical position. It is one, however, which involves a corollary that not all who oppose a reduction in working hours are willing to face. The corollary is that positive efforts must be made to speed up the rate of economic growth and assure the expansion that is needed. For so long as the economy dawdles in second gear, so long, for instance, as the nation's largest basic industry produces at no more than 50 per cent of capacity, as steel has been doing all summer, demands for a shorter work-week will continue to be heard. To many there seems to be no other feasible way to get the unemployed off the street.

Will Culture Survive?

DURING THE past year, the American book industry sold 300 million copies of the 7,000 paperback titles in print. Beyond doubt, in the words of one publisher, paperbacks are "the greatest thing since corn flakes." Even more impressive, if we put aside considerations of cold cash for a moment, is the fact that, to quote from the "Lament for the Good Old Days" of Phyllis McGinley, suburbia's favorite threnodist, who herself graces the shelves in a soft cover: "The Paperbacks / Now offer us facts / On Tillich and Sartre / And abstract artre / . . . Or many a yard / of Kierkegaard / And the myriad laws of Zen."

Despite our crowded and eggheadish bookstalls, however, everyone seems to be worried about the future of American culture. By a strange irony, too, the chief worriers are those who campaigned so valiantly to win for the man in the street not merely the material benediction of a fatter pay envelope, but the cultural boon of more years in school and the leisure to "improve" his mind. Clearly, something has gone wrong. Sociologist Paul Lazarsfeld sums it up this way:

After the liberals had won their victories, the people spent their newly acquired time and money on movies, radio, magazines. Instead of listening to Beethoven, they listen to Johnny Mercer, instead of going to Columbia, they go to Columbia Broadcasting System.

But his colleague, Leo Rosten, would question whether our nation has hit the cultural skids. For him, the sad truth is simply that

relatively few people in any society, not excluding Periclean Athens, have reasonably good taste or care deeply about ideas. Fewer still seem equipped—by temperament and capacity, rather than education—to handle ideas with both skill and pleasure.

The question of our cultural decline is obviously up in the air. If you are looking for some tentative answers, however, the Spring, 1960 issue of *Daedalus* (Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences) offers a set of sparkling essays on "Mass Culture and Mass Media" by some clear-headed social critics.

A few of the essayists gloomily see in the twin growth of the mass media and a mass culture a deadly threat to "true" or "elite" culture. Indeed, they insist, we stand confronted by an iron law of social decline, or rather, perhaps, a Gresham's law of culture. Some force, in other words, is bringing about the disappearance of the genuine thing from our cultural market place upon the introduction of the spurious or *Kitsch*.

A happier view, and a more realistic one, allows for the threat of a cultural dictatorship by masses newly awakened to esthetic consciousness, but does not consider it irresistible. Recalling that education, both formal and informal, can form men's judgments and tastes, these critics cling to a hope in the continuing process of civilization.

Of course, as Edward Shils warns us, "men will remain men, their capacities to understand, create and experience will vary, and very many are probably destined to find pleasure and salvation at other and lower cultural levels." Spillane and Metalious will still rub shoulders with Augustine and Tocqueville on our newsstands. But the classics will get read.

Indeed, as *Daedalus'* guest editor wryly reminds us: "It is chastening to note that the debate that raged in the 18th century with the appearance of the novel and of lending libraries contains remarkable parallels to the contemporary discussion." Despite paperbacks and jukeboxes, in other words, the true, the good and the beautiful have a fair chance of survival.

Cold War Seen From Macao

Benjamin L. Masse

WHY MACAO SHOULD remain so hauntingly in my mind, I do not know. We were received there with warm hospitality by Bishop Polycarpo da Costa Vaz, his clergy and people, but then wherever our Catholic Relief Services-NCWC group stopped on its world study tour, we were received with open arms.

It cannot be the glamor of this picturesque Portuguese colony, or its colorful harbor alive with sampans and fishing junks, or even its reputation as a haven for gamblers and smugglers, which makes Macao stand out so sharply. After all, we had just come from Hong Kong, which is not called the "Pearl of the Orient" for nothing. Its harbor is even more picturesque than Macao's; it has a famous race track, with pari-mutuel betting, in Happy Valley; and no doubt it shelters a smuggler or two.

Was it the nearness to Red China that makes Macao, poised as it is on a peninsula of Kwangtung Province, so memorable? We could not have come much closer there to Red China without actually setting foot on Communist soil. But then we were very close to Red China that day we landed, by courtesy of the Nationalist Chinese Air Force, on the shell-pocked Island of Quemoy, and we were not too far away on other occasions either—in Korea, in Vietnam, in Hong Kong.

Perhaps it was the gallantry of the priests and nuns, doing heroic things in a routine way to alleviate suffering and dissipate ignorance, which keeps the memory of Macao so fresh. Surely, no one who has ever met that remarkable pair of missionaries, Fr. Lancelot Rodriguez, a diocesan priest, and Fr. Louis Ruiz, S.J., or has had the good fortune to hear them blend their rich voices in a tuneful Spanish duet, will soon forget them. And who could possibly forget those two gently courageous Little Sisters of Jesus—members of the congregation founded by Charles de Foucauld—who are living the harsh life of their Chinese neighbors in a refugee settlement not a hundred yards from Red China? Like their neighbors, Sisters Cécile Andrie of Jesu and Josephina of Jesu earn their daily bread by the sweat of their serene brows. They go about barefooted, as do the native women. They are like them in all things—except that they serve only one Master and reserve one of the two rooms in their tiny house for Him. There, according to their Rule, they spend an hour every day in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

But then we met many other great-souled priests and

FR. MASSE, an associate editor of AMERICA, here recounts more observations on his recent Far East trip.

nuns, and lay people, too, on our tour—not to mention some of the most Christlike bishops in the Church. In fact, throughout the Far East and South Asia heroism is commonplace. That it is so often accompanied by modesty and a sense of humor makes it all the more admirable and appealing. (In Taipei one evening I asked a Maryknoll priest who had suffered at the hands of the Red Chinese on the mainland why it is that so many missionaries have a wonderful sense of humor. "A sense of humor," he told me unsmilingly, "is necessary to survive out here.")

Could it be a bias, stemming from religious vows pronounced many years ago, that makes Macao so unforgettable? The Jesuits are commendably active there and the place is steeped in Jesuit tradition. No follower of Ignatius could fail to be thrilled by the educational apostolate of Père Jacques de Leffe and his small, undermanned community at Casa Ricci, or not be touched by their charity to Chinese refugees. (The Portuguese Government is interested only in the education of Portuguese boys; it doesn't contribute anything to the education of Chinese children, of whom 10,000 are in Communist schools, 10,000 in Nationalist Chinese schools and 20,000 in Catholic schools.) And a man would have to be utterly lacking in any feeling for history if he gazed on the ruins of St. Paul's, atop one of the colony's highest hills, and remained unmoved. Somehow or other, the towering façade of the great church, which dates from the early 17th century, survived the fire which destroyed the rest of the edifice in 1831. It is, today, a tourist attraction. Intact, too, are statues of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier and other Jesuit heroes, still occupying the niches in the facade where reverent hands placed them so long ago. And if that isn't enough to start a man dreaming of what might have been, nearby are the ruins of the seminary, consumed in the same fire, where young Jesuits, eager to walk in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier, were prepared for the Japanese mission.

Speaking as objectively as a man can in such circumstances, I do not believe that the Jesuit aspect, absorbing as it is, explains my preoccupation with Macao. In all the countries our Catholic Relief Services tour touched—except Pakistan—Jesuits are as active as ever; and South Asia and the Far East, as everybody knows, are rich in Jesuit history.

I recall well a steaming day in the Philippines when we set out to inspect several CRS operations on the outskirts of Manila. At Silang we stopped to visit the Church of Nuestra Señora de Candelaria, which the

Irish Columban Fathers zealously administer. On walking about the venerable edifice—it was built in 1634—I noticed a large side altar adorned with statues of several Jesuit saints. On meeting the genial Father Superior, I jokingly congratulated him on the Columbans' devotion to St. Ignatius. He assured me that the Columbans did, indeed, have a high regard for their brothers in Christ, the Jesuits, but that they could take no credit for the statues. "The statues," he explained, "were here when we took over the church. You see," he continued, "your Fathers built the church, but after the suppression of the Society in the 18th century, they never returned." Whereupon I suggested that some restitution seemed to be in order—and that is how it happened (the Columbans having such a delicate sense of equity) that I departed from Nuestra Señora de Candelaria with a box of excellent Manila cigars under my arm.

REFUGEES AND THE COLD WAR

Well, if it is none of these things that makes Macao such a vivid memory, perhaps it is the appalling poverty of the refugees there and the efforts of Catholic Relief Services to alleviate it. We had, however, seen the plight of refugees elsewhere, in Korea and Hong Kong, for instance, and we were to see it again in India, Jordan and Lebanon. (The only place in Asia and the Middle East where the refugee problem has been tolerably solved is Vietnam. There the guerrilla-harassed Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem, with much American aid, has successfully resettled nearly a million refugees from Communist North Vietnam.) And as for the CRS operation in Macao, it is one of the smallest in the Far East.

What, then, makes that anachronistic colony, with its 10,000 Portuguese and 190,000 Chinese, stand out as a highlight of the CRS world tour?

I truthfully don't know. The best answer I can offer is this: in Macao the great issue of the Cold War becomes nakedly simple and clear. There one sees that what is in conflict between the free world and the Communist world is two irreconcilable concepts of man—the concept of man as a person, with an inherent dignity and God-given rights which the state is obliged to respect; and the concept of man as part of a mass, without significance in himself and with only such rights as an omnipotent state sees fit to grant him.

Let me relate in a somewhat clumsy way two incidents of our crowded stay in Macao which put flesh and blood on what we all know, perhaps somewhat academically, to be true.

It was about 11 o'clock on a torrid morning in May. After leaving the sturdy little ship S.S. *Fatshan*, which had brought us overnight in relative comfort from Hong Kong, we had offered Mass at the 17th-century church of St. Augustine near the Casa Ricci. We had breakfasted at the Pousada de Macau, which stands on the broad, tree-lined avenue that runs along the harbor, and had been received by Bishop da Costa Vaz at his palace overlooking the Island of the Fathers (Ilha dos Padres), which a Chinese Emperor gave to the Jesuits

in the 17th century. (The Communists took it over, of course, along with mainland China, in 1949.) Father Ruiz suggested that we might like to start our inspection of CRS activities by watching the weekly distribution of rice and other foodstuffs to the blind.

They came up the steep, cobblestone street that leads to Casa Ricci, those elderly blind people, in groups of three or four, tapping their tentative way with rude bamboo canes. There must have been about a hundred of them. While the distribution was in progress, I asked one of the priests why it was that most of them had climbed the hill unaccompanied, the blind literally leading the blind. Were there no young and willing hands, hands of nieces and nephews and grandchildren, to show them the way and carry their bags and baskets for them? "Don't they have families?" I asked.

I was scarcely prepared for his reply. "Yes," the priest said, "they have families, but their families are all across the border in Red China. You see, these people are refugees, but refugees in a special sense. They didn't leave Red China of their own accord. About a year and a half ago, they were herded by guards to the border and forced across into Portuguese territory. We have been taking care of them ever since. More recently," he added, "the Reds have been sending some consumptives across, too."

In the Communist scheme of things, this cruel policy makes sense. These old people had become useless. They were a burden to their families and a drag on the economy. So the sensible thing to do was to get rid of them.

In the Christian scheme, it makes just as much sense to love them and care for them.

That, as I say, is what the cold war is all about.

Later that day we saw the conflict in equally moving terms when we visited a refugee settlement on the banks of the muddy Duck Canal—the tiny stream that separates Macao from Red China. To the obvious distress of the Portuguese guard, who ordered all cameras to be hidden, we had insisted on walking along the



banks of the canal for a block or two. A curious Communist soldier watched us through binoculars, but did not leave his guardhouse. We could see peasants toiling in the fields only a few hundred yards away. After our brief stroll, we visited the refugees in their squat little houses, inspected the bakery that turns U. S. surplus wheat and corn meal into appetizing bread, and watched a distribution of food. It was boiling hot under a pitiless sun, but some of those people—men, women and children—had been standing there patiently in line for almost two hours. It was for this harsh existence

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that, at grave risk to their lives, they had fled from the inhuman regimentation of their native land. Why did they leave? In Macao, however harrowing the destitution, husbands and wives could at least dwell together, as God intended, and love and cherish their children. For such simple human values will men gamble with death.

I think it was in Macao that I stopped trying to find out whether or not the recipients of our charity were properly grateful to their benefactors, the American people. When one comes face to face with some of the worst poverty in the world, such questions seem irrelevant. One forgets to inquire whether the United States is receiving from its foreign aid the expected dividends in terms of friendship and support in the cold war. One sees only people in need—human beings like ourselves, children of the same heavenly Father—who desperately require help, and to whom we are indebted for the chance to practice some elementary Christianity.

I appreciate that our elected representatives cannot afford to think solely in terms of the second of the two commandments which, our Lord told us, resume all the other commandments. To justify the tax burdens imposed on the American people, they must talk in terms of self-interest, and show how necessary it is for our own survival that we continue heavy spending on foreign aid.

HARVEST OF GRATITUDE

I cannot speak with much authority about the reaction to our military-aid and defense-support programs in the Far East and South Asia. Whether or not the people out there are sufficiently grateful for these programs, I leave to the judgment of others. But this much I can testify to: for the people-to-people part of the mutual security program—for the work of such voluntary agencies as Catholic Relief Services, CARE and Church World Service—the recipients are grateful to the point of embarrassment.

Naturally, there are exceptions. The little babies in orphanages aren't grateful. They don't know that the powdered milk which helps to keep them alive comes from our store of surplus farm products, and they certainly cannot read the legend, "Gift from the People of the United States," stenciled on the flour bags which ingenious hands have put to use as covering for their little pillows. I doubt, either, whether most of the destitute dying whom Mother Theresa and her nuns gather up from the streets of Calcutta and bring to their refuge next to the Temple of Kali know where much of their food comes from. I'm sure that the blind, illiterate old leper, with bleeding stumps for arms and legs, I saw one day in Vietnam doesn't know. But Mother Theresa knows who the benefactors are, and so do the gallant souls who administer the leprosaria, the orphanages, the dispensaries and hospitals of the Far East. And so, too, I might add, do the Government officials charged with the almost hopeless task of relief. (Why else was our CRS group met officially at so many airports, speeded through customs and shown numerous extraordinary favors?)

Even many of the children in orphanages and day nurseries know what hand it is that feeds them. This may sound "corny" in the telling, but it didn't seem corny to us that day in the Philippines.

We were visiting an orphanage outside of Tagaytay City conducted by Good Shepherd sisters from Ireland. It is called Maryridge. After a refreshing luncheon, we were entertained with a program of songs and recitations. One of the lyrics, to the tune of "God Bless America," brought down the house. This is what a group of older children sang:

*Thanks to America,
Thanks to you, kind friends,
For the shiploads that anchor
In our dear Manila Bay.
From your cornfields,
From your rice fields,
From your moo cows, milk and cheese.
Thanks to America, you made us strong,
Thanks to America, you made us strong.*

Our esteemed Literary Editor, with his high standards and impeccable taste, probably won't forgive me for publishing that verse, but I can only record that in the circumstances it brought tears to the eye of some of the visiting monsignori. I'm not sure my own eyes were dry.

There is much talk in Washington these days about "phasing out" the Government's participation in the work of the voluntary agencies abroad. No doubt, their far-flung charitable operations must end sometime. The day will surely come, please God, when the peoples of the underdeveloped lands will be able to stand on their own feet and shift for themselves—when their governments, so to speak, can be "phased in." But in practically all the countries the CRS tour visited, that day is still far off. Meantime, if we are to be true to our Christian heritage—and perhaps save our skins, as well as our souls, in the process—we must make very sure that before there is any "phasing out," the process of "phasing in" is already well advanced. Otherwise, the cheapest commodity in Communist lands—human beings—will become the cheapest commodity in the free world, too. There won't be anything left worth fighting for.

Veni Sancte Spiritus

True ghostly joy is armor buckled on:
Armor of gold as that which shone upon
The Grecian front when winning Glaucus fought.
More splendidous, this, lighter, more surely wrought.

Then come, Spirit of Bliss, clothe us in mail
(So let our foemen's swords splinter and fail!)
O be Yourself Coat, Helmet, Golden Shield,
And let us wear and bear You in the field.

SISTER M. PAULINUS, I.H.M.

America • JULY 30, 1960

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Is Williams' Vision Myopia?

Harold C. Gardiner

THE NEW YORK *Times Magazine* has been the forum recently for a very interesting and significant debate on the state of the contemporary drama. The issues raised and the attitudes revealed in the continuing controversy were centered, obviously, around what's wrong or what's right about many current American plays and playwrights, but the nub of the whole charge and countercharge is a matter that concerns more than the American stage. It concerns an approach to and a philosophy of the arts in general; indeed it has much to say about one's basic attitudes to the world around him. A brief digest of the controversy, therefore, and some remarks occasioned by it may be of use to all concerned with the arts (and with the art of living) and especially to teachers of both.

In the *Times Magazine* for May 22, critic Marya Mannes let go a blast at such top-flight playwrights as Tennessee Williams and Lillian Hellman. Pleading that what the American playgoing public wants and needs is "more Fair Ladies," Miss Mannes charged that audiences are too frequently "harrowed, shocked or simply mesmerized by very unpleasant characters doing very unpleasant things and using very unpleasant language." What audiences are starved for, says Miss Mannes, though she hints that they may not be conscious of their hunger, is plays that will help us "believe in those qualities that make human beings so much more than animals and so much more than case histories." Her indictment may be summed up in her statement that audiences are "not so much starved for sensationalism as for stature."

Miss Mannes' entire argument, but especially this last barb, stuck quivering, it would seem, in the soul of Tennessee Williams. At any rate, the man who is considered our greatest contemporary playwright entered the lists with a full article in the *Times Magazine* for June 12. Mr. Williams' rebuttal is a fine sample of his vivid and forthright style and contains many observations with which one can unnervously agree. But what is of immediate relevance is Mr. Williams' explanation of what he calls his POV (his point of view) on life in general and how life is dramatized for the stage.

Mr. Williams first of all scores a debater's point—not very gallantly, I fear—when he equates Miss Mannes' POV with that of Hedda Hopper or Dorothy Kilgallen (of whom Miss Mannes states, in a follow-up of the debate in the June 26 issue of the magazine:

FR. GARDINER, *Literary Editor of AMERICA*, has been watching the books from which plays sometimes come.

"[with them] I share nothing but sex and Mr. Williams' amiable contempt") in being a misty-eyed nostalgia for sweetness and light. Miss Mannes, it is clear, was not pleading for Pollyannism when she asked for plays that are "more affirmative." At any rate, having thus placed his adversary in a bad light, Mr. Williams then proceeds to establish his own POV. Recounting an incident of how a lady once asked him why he was "always plunging into sewers" for his dramatic material, Williams makes the all-inclusive claim that "it was not into sewers but into the main stream of life that I had always descended for my materials and characters." The "main stream," however, if not exactly a cloaca, is hardly a mountain brook, for Williams is of the opinion that "the theatre has made in our time its greatest artistic advance through the unlocking and lighting up and ventilation of the closets, attics and basements of human behavior and experience."

VISION OR HALLUCINATION?

Williams is logically forced into such an estimate of the contemporary theatre because of his itemized POV, which runs as follows:

The rallying cry of those who want our creative heads on the chopping block is: let's have plays affirming the essential dignity of mankind. It's a damned good platform. The only trouble with it, from my POV, is that we are not agreed about exactly what that high-sounding slogan means in the way of truth about dignity and mankind.

People are humble and frightened and guilty of heart, no matter how desperately we may try to appear otherwise. We have little conviction of our essential dignity nor even of our essential decency, and consequently we are more interested in characters on the stage who share our hidden shames and fears, and we want the plays about us to say: "I understand you. You and I are brothers, the deal is rugged but let's face and fight it together."

It is not the essential dignity but the essential ambiguity of man that I think needs to be stated.

This is an admirably clear and uncompromising platform, and brings the discussion to a point at which something constructive, I hope, may be said.

How are we to judge an artist's POV—or his "vision," to use the more pretentious word of most literary critics? Indeed, is that vision legitimately subject to judgment? If it is susceptible of evaluation, what is my yardstick?—the artist's own art, some so-called canons of the artistic field he is plowing? Or is the measure to be, as it were,

smuggled in from other fields, from religion or philosophy? Let's see where we can get in a complex business.

First of all, we must grant that any artist worth the name *has* a particular, unique vision. *This* is the way he sees what he is impelled to set before us in his play, novel, painting, sculpture. To accuse Mr. Williams or any other serious artist of *not seeing* what he chooses to portray would be presumptuously and uncharitably to read his mind, and it is to be regretted that many (especially Catholic critics) who do not like Williams' portrayal of what he sees, fly to the easy but dishonest dismissal that Mr. Williams never really saw the kind of lives he sets pulsing, ravening, agonizing, wallowing—what you like—on the boards. To any revolted “life is not like this,” Williams has but to answer, “It is; I see it,” and this ground for criticism crumbles under the feet—for we can't call him a liar and pretend that we are engaging in criticism.

And so, the ground has to shift. Mr. Williams does see; he has a vision. But are his eyes jaundiced, so that everything appears mud-colored? Is his seeing a real vision or is it an hallucination? Does he desperately need lenses, and if so, what shop will he get them from? From the playwright's or from the moralist's?

It's the easiest thing in the world to run to the moralist's shop and cry: “Quick, give Mr. Williams and his fellows a set of lenses, for they ought not see the way they do,” meaning by “ought not” that it is immoral for them to give us the result of what we consider a warped vision. But is it immoral? If Williams honestly believes that there is very little essential human dignity and even very little essential human decency, then he can say nothing else honestly in his plays. We may feel strongly that he ought not to write plays at all, but rather devote his undoubted great talents to a field other than drama, precisely because in the drama, of all creative fields, a one-sided view (little dignity, little decency) debilitates a sense of moral commitment essential to any true, let alone great, plays.

THE “AMBIGUITY” OF MAN

Mr. Williams would here without doubt immediately reply, rejoicing to sneak over a quick left while our guard is down, that he indeed writes true drama exactly because he is committed to a moral dimension—that of what he calls the “essential ambiguity of man.” The jab is to be welcomed, because it shifts the combat from the area of obvious moralizing about Williams' plays into that of evaluating—by the very norm that Williams himself set up—his artistic philosophy. And it is in this area, I believe, that the most valid criticism can be leveled against the school of which Williams is the most gifted practitioner and the most articulate spokesman.

This criticism is, I conceive, to be based on the fact that Williams is *not*, despite his profession, concerned with the “essential ambiguity” of man. For ambiguity in this context means—or should mean—that man has a meaning, a goal, a destiny that is susceptible of at least two interpretations or significances. To be really ambiguous, man would have to be portrayed as having

“little conviction” of dignity or decency *and yet* striving, fighting toward such a conviction. If man is dramatized merely as having no such realization of his potentialities and as being content to have no dignity or decency, then man is not ambiguous, he does not look two ways, he is not the restless seeker; he is clearly all too one-directional, and that direction is no less sentimental in its hopelessness than the upward and onward paths of Pollyanna drama are sentimental in their optimism.

Man *is* ambiguous. We have not needed to wait for Tennessee Williams to tell us so. To go back no further, St. Paul was saying this (and, incidentally, stating the subject matter of all true drama) when he lamented: “I do not the good that I wish, but the evil that I do not wish, that I perform.” And what is the “war between the spirit and the flesh” but the embodiment of man's two-way stretch, so to call it—toward the realization of his essential dignity and toward the passions, the wrongdoings that would destroy that dignity?

But Williams, as far as I read him, has nothing to do with or say about that *war between*. Whatever Williams' personal ideas about the meaning of man, his characters are not ambiguous and do not manifest any ambiguous attitudes toward life. For them (and for their creator?) life is only a matter of “hidden shames and fears” and no other meaning seems to be thought worthy of consideration. If that be ambiguity, what in heaven's name could simplemindedness be? And more than this, when the supposed ambiguity revolves almost exclusively about sex and violence, then the meaning of man has been reduced to meaninglessness.

SENTIMENTALITY VS. MYSTERY

I have said above that this criticism boils down to a charge of sentimentalism. Sentimentalism in the novel and the drama may be described as a play upon the emotions that is not governed by reason; and under this working definition, it is as possible to be sentimental and tough as it is to be sentimental and sweet. Some of the “he-man” characters of modern fiction are as much large gobs of ungoverned emotion as the swooning maidens of an earlier age were daintier morsels of the same.

It is certainly a large order to demand that the dramatist “see life steadily and see it whole,” and perhaps an especially gargantuan order in this day and age, but that is precisely what a dedication to exploring man's ambiguity means—man must be seen as spirit and matter, as aspiration and failure, as hope and discouragement, as love and hatred—must be seen, in a word, as a battleground. It is because he consistently portrays man merely as a terrain on which “shames and fears,” mainly sexual, march and countermarch in a fog, without ever a battle being joined, let alone won, that Mr. Williams is false to his own stated dedication to plunge into the mainstream of life.

Mr. Williams might assure us that his undoubtedly powerful vision would be less fixed on hallucination if he dwelt on a statement that bears no less on the art of the dramatist than on the art of living: “Man is a mystery who refuses to be degraded into a problem.”

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Reflection on Rejection

Mary Ellen Hill

SOUNDS OF MERRIMENT surrounded us. On the next block cries of "Kill the umpire!" mixed with shouts of laughter to form one of the pleasantest of symphonies—God's children enjoying an outing. Just next door, a nearer version of the same kind of music filled our ears, only this time it was punctuated by delicious-sounding splashes as the neighbors and their children shoved one another playfully into the pool. The smell of charcoal-broiling steaks and burgers was wafted gently on the summer breeze, dancing under our noses to mix with the aroma arising from our own outdoor cooker.

Ordinarily, all these summer sounds mean welcome relief from the winter's grind; all these tantalizing odors signal a refreshing change from stew bubbling on the stove in a hot kitchen. In our case, the taste of these pleasures is bittersweet. It is sweet to sit in the arbor back of the home for which we longed so many years. It is bitter to have our younger children ask with troubled frown: "What's the matter with us? How come we aren't invited to anybody's picnic?"

How come? At first we thought it was because we were newcomers. In fact, city-bred family that we are, we expected nothing in the way of neighborly overtures. The most conventional suburban kindness left us awestruck. It was, we decided, rather nice after all to know the immediate neighbors, to drink a formal cup of coffee now and then, and to observe the amenities. More civilized, perhaps, than the brusque city way of knowing no one till he lived next door twenty years—and sometimes not even then. Yes, this was better.

It is not at once apparent that these formal calls have the effect of passing judgment upon whole families for the most superficial things: What kind of furniture? Is the house out of *Home and Garden*? Are there the correct number of children?

The correct number of children, in these parts, is two. We have eight. I am advised by the local "sees-all-knows-all" that this is our primary sin; this, and our religion, which is the "wrong" one.

How foolish we would be, of course, to let a little thing like block parties to which we are not invited spoil our lives! Individually, we have made some fine friends. They are worth more than many casual acquaintances who are scared to death of differences. Yet these past two years have been an education in rejection, and an education in the psychological effect

of rejection upon ordinarily secure people. In fact, we have tried to apply what we have learned, through feeling the edge of second-class citizenship, to the problems of the Negro in a white society.

Our children had grown up in a neighborhood where they enjoyed all the advantages of acceptance and respectability. They were surrounded by adoring relatives; they were taken to all the city's cultural and recreational facilities; they placed high in their school work. They just naturally expected people to like them, because people always had. How do you explain to such children that people don't like you because they don't know you, and, moreover, don't want to get to know you? How does a Negro parent explain that to his child?

In two years we have come to see how easy it is to turn from normal friendliness and objectivity to thinly veiled hostility and suspicion. People who used to greet us casually, as they passed the front stoop, still greet us casually but now they know that they plan parties all around us without including us. Last evening I found myself returning the greeting amiably enough—and sticking out my tongue at them behind their backs! My husband and I laughed ourselves silly over this bit of childishness. The laughter warmed us. Yet it is significant that such a gesture hadn't occurred to me since third grade.

Our children would once have just naturally asked: "Hey, Mrs. Jones, how about a swim in your pool today?" Now it's different. Our nine-year-old said viciously: "Ahh, they're so mean they probably think we're not clean enough!"

We tell the children that they are fortunate their problems are no worse. We say: "If you children were anything but white, people in this area would not even have called on us, or let their children play with you. Just think of that, next time you hear someone say, 'Dirty nigger'."

It has made them think, but the sound of community play, from which they are excluded—most particularly, the splashes from the pool next door—do away with objectivity and rationality, and they blurt out: "We're just as good as everyone else! Why don't the Joneses want us?"

Now there are all kinds of perfectly legitimate reasons why people don't want to get mixed up with big families. We try to dwell on these when the going gets rough, the same way the Negro must try desperately to remind himself that the white man can't be blamed for being concerned with property values and total communities. "People like to make friends and be

MARY ELLEN HILL, a pseudonym, finds her inspiration in the mores of suburbia.

neighbors with their own kind of people. They just don't know how much the same we are, because they don't know us."

One neighbor across the street is so incensed over the whole situation that she is determined to see us the envy of the block. She has a program all worked out. I do not see any point in this, for I do not wish to be either envied or loved indiscriminately. I merely want to be a human being. Would a Negro family which moved in find even one such champion, with zeal however misguided? And does the Negro, however long he lives in a white society, ever come to find it natural that people think him different?

Some lines from *The Organization Man* come to my mind:

Estelle is a case. She was dying to get in with the gang when she moved in . . . she did it all wrong . . . ever since, it's been like a planned campaign to keep her out of things . . . even her two-year-old gets kept out of kids' parties . . . she sits there in her beach chair out front just dying for someone to Kaffeeklatsch with her, and right across the street four or five of the girls and their kids will be yakking away . . . Every time they all laugh suddenly, she thinks they are laughing at her . . . she came over here yesterday and cried all afternoon. . . . (The woman in question has since moved.)

Then the author goes on: "Perhaps the greatest tyranny, however, applies not to the deviate, but to the accepted."

It could have been worse, my patient husband and I remind each other. We might have been accepted. And then we might have embraced the kind of life in which "the group" is a jealous master, demanding a kind of participation, its own kind. And the better in-

tegrated with it a member becomes, the less free he is to express himself in other ways.

For the Negro, this might be cold comfort indeed, since his freedoms at this point in history are so limited as to permit little unselfconscious expression. But it can be worse. He may join the country-club set and forget the misery in Harlem. He may be accepted in suburbia and turn his back on the city, which is at once the hope and despair of his race. He may become more middle-class-minded than the stodgiest bourgeois, vote Republican and demand tests for others, and forget the half of the world that is still ignorant, unclothed and starving.

One night last fall, after a particularly brutal snub, I found myself filled with joy. If to be a Catholic and to have a large, wonderful family, is to be persecuted, how sweet must the Christian find contempt! The spiritual man knows contempt can be positively good for him. Like the child who is punished for the wrong thing, he knows he probably did something else that was not uncovered. No one deserves contempt by reason of race or creed. But if a man is what he is by gift of God, and if in following his conscience before God he becomes the outcast of men, he has a Beatitude.

There is only one solution to this kind of cross; that is to embrace it, and to work for the kind of world where others will not need to feel its weight on their shoulders and hearts. The most wonderful Negro people I know have found their joy and fulfillment for years in working out Christian solutions to problems of integration. The happiest Christian white people I have known are those who have entered into the suffering of this people, and bent all their best efforts to securing full civil rights for all, with the eventual concomitant—social acceptance. Happily, this tribe is increasing.

BOOKS

The Knot of Sacred and Secular

CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT ON CHURCH AND STATE

By Jerome G. Kerwin. Hanover House. 192p. \$8.50

This is a book which should have been written many years ago. It is the best modern presentation yet published of the Catholic Church's attitude to the temporal order through the centuries. More, it is hard to imagine a better author for this important work than Prof. Kerwin of the University of Chicago, outstanding Catholic political scientist and author of several books and

innumerable articles published in the best political science reviews in the country. This volume is number five in the valuable "Catholic Viewpoint" series edited by John J. Delaney.

Prof. Kerwin's first chapter is devoted to a brief but satisfactory development of the massive struggles between Christianity and the State up until recent times. He describes the various forms of alliances or cold wars that existed between "Caesar and God" in the history of the West. He gives abundant evidence to show that "the religiously neutral state is a development of the

past century and a half." This neutrality may result in latent hostility to religion, as in France, or a benevolent attitude of respect for religion, as in the United States.

The second chapter traces the origins of the Church-State problem in the United States. It relates how the various States disestablished religion and how it has come to pass that in the 20th century the great threat is not the establishment of any sect but rather the subordination of the sacred to the secular.

The third chapter is devoted to that speculative question which seems to constitute such a central anxiety in the minds of some non-Catholics—what would Catholic doctrine dictate if Catholics became a majority in America or elsewhere? After outlining the tradi-

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tional Christian approach to the supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal, the author writes some paragraphs which will almost certainly cause difficulty both by reason of their ambiguity and the opinions which they seem to reflect. For example Prof. Kerwin states:

In a society overwhelmingly Catholic a public recognition of the Roman Catholic faith as the religion of the state and the people would ordinarily be expected. Public ceremonies would be accompanied with Catholic forms of worship. What would be expected beyond this would be a matter to be determined in each state according to custom and tradition (p. 90).

We are not told by whom this would be "expected." Nor is the issue raised of whether the state can confer these privileges on Catholics without placing some type of disability on non-Catholics.

Furthermore, this reviewer submits that the statement quoted above has no application to the United States even if by a thousand miracles it became a "society overwhelmingly Catholic." Prof. Kerwin's speculation has no application to America because Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, speaking in 1948 as chairman of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, solemnly promised the following:

If tomorrow Catholics constituted a majority of our country, they would not seek a union of Church and State. They would then as now uphold the Constitution and *all its Amendments*. (emphasis supplied)

The Catholic Church therefore is committed to a policy of absolutely no change in the Amendments to the Constitution, the first of which states that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion. Does not the hierarchy's statement in 1948 preclude a "public recognition of the Roman Catholic Faith" at any time in the future of the United States?

Prof. Kerwin is, of course, very "liberal" in his views on Church-State relations and avers that "even in a state with a large Catholic majority it would surely not be part of wisdom to restrict non-Catholics to second-class citizenship." This reviewer and many others would prefer the word "justice" to the word "wisdom."

The author of this volume, which contains an extraordinarily high concentration of excellent material, may be ambiguous or erroneous in some other things which he writes concerning

a nation which he calls a "Catholic state." In such a country he judges that it is "likely" that there would be "some kind of aid to Catholic education" and that it is also "likely . . . that the laws would punish insult or scorn to religion" and that "with a Catholic-majority population it is conceivable that some Catholic beliefs would be incorporated in the law." These judgments of the author are based on his assumption that in a "thorough-going Methodist community we might reasonably expect that liquor, gambling and Sunday amusements of a commercial nature would be banned" and that in a Jewish community Saturday would be the day of rest. While such assumptions are probably fair, would it not be better to declare that the Catholic Church should not seek the aid of Caesar to carry out the work of God and that the Church would not seek to enact into civil law any Catholic dogma but only those parts of the natural law which need the sanction of the penal law for the protection of the common good?

Prof. Kerwin seeks to achieve a careful balance between the positions of the extreme "left" and extreme "right" in Church-State relations. He succeeds admirably, though it seems almost inevitable that writers like Paul Blanshard

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will misuse certain opinions in this book and seek to exaggerate their importance and binding power. It is well to recall that under the *imprimatur* granted to this volume it is stated that "No implication is contained . . . that those who have granted the *nihil obstat* and *imprimatur* agree with the contents, opinions or statements expressed" in this book.

It is perhaps significant to note that Doctor Kerwin has by design or otherwise omitted any reference in this work to the writings of Fr. John Courtney Murray, S.J., on the Church-State issue. In fact, Kerwin seems to avoid identification with any individual writer or school of Church-State thought while treating without overemphasis the so-called two "schools" of Church-State thought within the Church. Some readers will be disappointed that he has not explored the enormously meaningful words of Pope Pius XII on December 6, 1953 to the Italian Jurists:

The duty of repressing moral and religious error cannot therefore be an ultimate norm of action. It must be subordinate to higher and more general norms, which in some circumstances permit and even seem to indicate as the better policy, toleration of error in order to promote a greater good (emphasis supplied).

After a fourth chapter devoted to the "confused state of the law," Prof. Kerwin gives us three rich chapters (pp. 130-192) entitled "Non-Catholic Fears and Resentments," "The Catholic Critique" and "Reflections, Suggestions and Queries." These three chapters alone would be a valuable book. In them the author explores broad areas of Church-State tensions, bringing to this task the enormous amount of knowledge and wisdom which he has acquired since he received his doctorate from Columbia University in 1926.

Although a dozen fruitful themes enrich this volume, one of the most striking and significant is the forcefully expressed truth that today it is not sectarianism but secularism that is the foe. In a strong plea for inter-creedal cooperation and dialogue, the author writes:

In the past religion was often the persecutor of men; today it is nonreligion. The forces of opposition to all religion possess power such as no religious leader of the ages gone by ever dreamed of. The forces of unbelief . . . exist in the free lands and unfortunately are imbued with a cynical and hostile attitude toward all religious belief. Even in the free lands their

hostility is cloaked in the garment of freedom and they would undermine religion and its institutions. . . . But from the warring conditions within the religious forces comes the greatest support for the forces of unbelief (emphasis supplied).

Prof. Kerwin leaves us all in his debt for this most valuable volume wherein he demonstrates with wisdom and lucidity that the wall of separation between Church and State should not become an iron curtain between government and religion.

ROBERT F. DRINAN

Spare the Rod

A TEACHER SPEAKS

By Philip Marson. David McKay. 230p. \$3.95

Boston Latin School celebrated its 325th birthday a few months ago. Among its distinguished alumni are Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh, the Honorable Joseph Kennedy, former ambassador to the Court of St. James, Conductor Leonard Bernstein and many others. For years Boston Latin has been an incubator for Harvard. However, for the past two decades Harvard has drastically lowered her entrance requirements and, according to Mr. Marson, this move has had disastrous effects on Boston Latin and the entire public school system.

"In 1926 Boston Latin was a teacher's paradise," recalls Marson. A boy knew precisely what he was up against, from six years of English and Latin to weekly essays and monthly reports. The routine of weekly tests, monthly grades and insistence on high standards of scholarship was carried on by a hard core of veteran teachers. Up to 1935 the criteria for entrance to Harvard were mainly academic. Since then Harvard has added non-academic admission criteria: individual pictures, social poise, athletic prowess, extra-curricular activities and personal recommendations. According to teacher Marson:

this shifting of the emphasis from intellectual to physical, social and recreational qualifications would have been a body-blow. The real crusher came when Harvard, in

league with other institutions which controlled the College Examination Board, abolished the old essay examinations and substituted for them the present "objective and objectionable" tests of today. . . . The fact that not one complete sentence or paragraph (not to mention a theme) has to be composed either in the verbal section of the Scholastic Aptitude Test or in the Achievement Test in English Composition has destroyed the function of the old entrance examination that served as a national unifying force in the teaching of reading and writing.

Teacher Marson knows what he is talking about. A veteran of 41 years, 31 of which were spent teaching English at Boston Latin, Mr. Marson is a man of strong convictions. Three years ago, after fighting vainly for many years within the school system to stem the tide of lowering educational standards, Philip Marson voluntarily left the academic world to carry his message to the public and try to arrest the destruction of our educational heritage before it was too late.

Mr. Marson is no starry-eyed enthusiast but a man with a definitive program for the restoration of learning in our public school system with seven specific articles of faith. I think one of the most important statements Marson makes is the first sentence in the book, "Survival of Western individualism will depend rather upon trained minds than trained missiles." Mr. Marson is a dedicated teacher and a crusader who believes we must search out the ablest brains in the nation, provide them with effective teachers and adequate facilities and then train them for leadership. Unless appropriate action is taken at once, it may be too late. It may well be education's last chance.

Will Mr. Marson be only a voice crying in the wilderness of lowering educational standards? Time will tell, but I do not think so. He has no political or pedagogical axe to grind and he is absolutely fearless. American educators would do well to listen to him and put into practice his inspiring educational program to make real teaching possible and to restore learning.

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THE TEN BEST-SELLING BOOKS FOR JULY

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and Robert W. Gleason, S.J. Sheed & Ward, \$4.50
2. **THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN**
By Thomas A. Dooley, M.D. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.95
3. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL** By George A. Kelly.
Random House, \$4.95
4. **THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S GUIDE TO LIFE AND LOVE**
By Msgr. George A. Kelly. Random House, \$3.95
5. **A TRAPPIST WRITES HOME** By Gerard McGinley, O.C.S.O.
Bruce, \$3.25
6. **THIS IS ROME** By Fulton J. Sheen, Yousuf Karsh and
H. V. Morton. Hawthorn, \$4.95
7. **LOVE ONE ANOTHER** By Louis Colin, C.S.S.R. Newman, \$4.25
8. **MARY WAS HER LIFE** By Sister Mary Pierre, R.S.M. Benziger, \$3.95
9. **SPIRITUAL HIGHLIGHTS FOR SISTERS**
By Bruno M. Hagspiel, S.V.D. Bruce, \$3.95
10. **THE BOOK OF MARY** By Henri Daniel-Rops. Hawthorn, \$4.95

The stores listed below report their best-selling books during the current month. Popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which a book is mentioned and by its relative position in each report. The point system, plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

AKRON, Grismer Brothers & Co., Inc., 272 S. High St.
BOSTON, Benziger Bros., Inc., 95 Summer St.
CHICAGO, The Thomas More Association, 210 W. Madison St.
CINCINNATI, Benziger Bros., Inc., 429 Main St.
CINCINNATI, Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., 210 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND, Catholic Book Store, 1789 E. 11th St.
CLEVELAND, William Taylor Son & Co., 630 Euclid Ave.
COLUMBUS, Cathedral Book Shop, 205 E. Broad St.
DALLAS, The Catholic Book Store, 1513 Elm St.
DENVER, James Clarke Church Goods House, 1633 Tremont Pl.
DETROIT, E. J. McDevitt Co., 1230 Washington Blvd.
DETROIT, Van Antwerp, Catholic Library and Pamphlet Shop, 1232 Washington Blvd.
GRAND RAPIDS, McGough & Son Co., 40 Division Ave., S.
HARRISBURG, The Catholic Shop, 410 No. Third St.
HARTFORD, Catholic Library of Hartford, 125 Market St.
HOLYOKE, Catholic Lending Library and Bookshop 94 Suffolk St.
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Catholic Community Bookshop, 301 East Armour Blvd.
LOS ANGELES, C. F. Horan Co., 120 W. 2nd St.
LOUISVILLE, Rogers Church Goods Co., 129 S. 4th.
MANCHESTER, N. H., Book Bazaar, 410 Chestnut.
MILWAUKEE, The Church Mart, 779 N. Water St.
MINNEAPOLIS, Catholic Gift Shop, 37 South 8th St.
MONTREAL, Alvernia Publishing Co., Box 1300, Station "O"
NASHVILLE, St. Mary's Book Store, 508 Deaderick St.
NEW BEDFORD, Keatings Book House 562 County St.
NEW HAVEN, The Saint Thomas More Gift Shop, 1102 Chapel St.

NEW YORK, Ave Maria Shop, 11 Barclay St.
NEW YORK, Benziger Bros., Inc., 6-8 Barclay St.
NEW YORK, P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St.
NEW YORK, Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., 14 Barclay St.
OKLAHOMA CITY, St. Thomas More Book Stall, 320 N. W. 2nd St.
OMAHA, Midwest Church Goods Co., Inc., 1216 Farnham St.
PHILADELPHIA, The Peter Reilly Co., 131 N. 13th St.
PITTSBURGH, Kirner's Catholic Book Store, 309 Market St.
PORTLAND, ORE., Catholic Book & Church Supply Co., 314 S. W. Washington St.
RICHMOND, Religious Goods Shop, 123 N. 8th St.
ROCHESTER, Trant's, Inc., 96 Clinton Ave., North.
ST. LOUIS, B. Herder Book Co., 15-17 South Broadway.
ST. PAUL, The E. M. Lohmann Co., 413 Sibley St.
SAN FRANCISCO, The O'Connor Co., Inc., 349 Sutter St.
SCRANTON, Diocesan Guild Studios, 309 Wyoming Ave.
SEATTLE, The Kaufer Co., 1904 Fourth Ave.
SOUTH BEND, Aquinas Library and Book Shop, Inc., 110 E. La Salle Ave.
SPOKANE, De Sales Catholic Book Shop, 10 S. Wall St.
TOLEDO, John A. Reger Catholic Supply House, 712 Madison Ave.
VANCOUVER, B. C., Curley's Catholic Supplies, 563 Hamilton St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., William J. Gallery & Co., 718 11th St., N. W.
WESTMINSTER, Md., The Newman Bookshop.
WHEELING, Corcoran's Church Goods Co., 32 12th St.
WINNIPEG, Man., F. J. Tonkin Co., Ltd., 103 Princess St.

MEDICINE TODAY: A Report on a Decade of Progress
By Marguerite Clark, Funk & Wagnalls, 360p. \$4.95

The journalist-historian has both an advantage and disadvantage. Advantage: within some large area he can range far and wide because his interests are not restricted by specialization. On the contrary, he is looking for a good story no matter where it occurs. Disadvantage: he depends entirely on the published or oral reports of the primary researchers. This can result in a hodge-podge of quotations.

Marguerite Clark is medicine editor of *Newsweek* magazine and a former president of the National Association of Science Writers. In this book she presents a vast amount of information about recent advances in most areas of medical knowledge. Some basic biological sciences, wherein an increase in knowledge and technique must precede any progress in the related medical skills, are also surveyed to some extent for the reader.

What the book lacks in readability and smoothness because of the endless quotations it makes up in its ability to convey a realization of the energy, the sacrifice, the wide cooperation among thousands—millions, I guess—of dedicated persons who have made modern medicine possible. And while sheer information is the aim of the book, some guidance value is evident in several chapters, notably the one on reducing diets. All in all, this is a competent and inspiring work.

EDMOND IVERS

THE RESTLESS ATOM
By Alfred Romer. Doubleday. 198p. 95c

This paperback is the twelfth in the Science Study Series that began to appear last September and will extend to 70 volumes or more by the end of 1964. The series will run the gamut of physical topics from the atom to the known universe. Its purpose is to provide a set of low-cost monographs that are nominally directed to intelligent secondary school students, but are also aimed at bridging the gap between the scientist and the layman.

Doctor Romer's book, which is subtitled "The Awakening of Nuclear Physics," could with equal justice bear the subtitle "How the Alchemist's Dream Came True." Obviously written by a teacher skilled in presenting physics to non-science students, it is a fascinating account of the startling changes fundamental physics underwent from the time Röntgen discovered X rays until

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Niels Bohr evolved the first satisfactory model of atomic structure.

Romer's little work is developed in an extraordinary way—one that will be enlightening even to those who have a good grasp of the nature of atomic structure. It proceeds by describing the actual experiments performed by Becquerel, the Curies and other patient and ingenious investigators who first explored the mystifying phenomena of radioactivity. The reader relives the bewilderment and sense of challenge that were the daily fare of even the ablest researchers between 1896 and 1914.

One other thing worth noting: this bit of exposition brings out as no mere lecture could the importance of creative hypotheses in studying the mysteries of nature, as well as the essentially transitory character of physical theories.

I regard *The Restless Atom* as a model exposition of one part of physics as it uttered its birth cries.

L. C. McHUGH

ENJOY, ENJOY!

By Harry Golden. World. 315p. \$4

Here is an interesting title. It is at once a cordial invitation and a prophecy. But Harry Golden cannot claim credit for this graceful literary come-on because, as readers of his other books remember, these were his mother's words—her limited but all-purpose command of English.

Is it just because this is the latest that it seems the best of Harry Golden's books? I don't know. He deals with many of the topics he has touched on before—life on New York's Lower East Side at the beginning of the century, life all around us today in suburbia, in politics, in struggles toward integration—remembering, as he would say, that "it's always people."

Looking backward with humor and sentiment, he writes more of those pieces that have brought him thousands of letters from people living in comfortable middle class and middle age, but lonely and "licking their fingers" over his memories. Even if the reader cannot share the particular warmth and wistfulness of the Jewish recollections, he can enjoy! What is more, he finds himself thinking of parallels—similarities and differences and a prevailing human sameness.

Just in case the reader might float off in a sweetly unproductive haze of nostalgia, he is brought up sharply by an observation that is pointed, wise, funny, or just ridiculous, like the sug-

Reviewers' Roster

ROBERT F. DRINAN, S.J., is dean of the Boston College School of Law and frequent contributor to AMERICA.

FRANCIS J. GRIFFIN, S.J., a veteran teacher of the humanities, is on the faculty at Boston College High School.

EDMOND IVERS, S.J., is librarian at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J.

L. C. McHUGH, S.J., an associate editor of AMERICA, writes our science column.

MARY STACK McNIFF, Boston housewife, does frequent review work for the Boston Pilot in addition to her contributions to AMERICA.

"Big Beth Jacob Halloween Party;" "Bar Mitzvah of 'Orson' Goldberg."

Harry Golden likes to argue; he invites disagreement—and that is good. He is talkative, not double-talkative—and therein lies his charm.

MARY STACK McNIFF

FILMS

OSCAR WILDE (*Four City Enterprises*) and THE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE (*Warwick*) are both, it scarcely seems necessary to mention, examinations of the downfall of a notable Irish wit, man of letters and darling of society. The downfall came through his conviction, at the bar of public opinion and in court, of what were politely described in 1895 as unnatural practices.

For the record, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, starring Peter Finch in the title role, can claim to have been planned and started first. It is altogether the more complete and, photographed in color, handsomer of the two British-made films. *Oscar Wilde*, in black and white, was an afterthought. It was

gestion that the Negro refer to the white as the "colorless" race—"A group of colored and colorless got together for a meeting."

That sense of the ridiculous combines with detachment and a shrewd sensitivity to all shadings of the human comedy—and titles like these are the result: "Enter Palsy-Walsy—Exit Respect;"

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rushed into production when it was discovered that someone else was willing to take a chance on the taboo subject matter.

Nevertheless, the second film has its own claims to distinction. It stars Robert Morley, and it is based on the play by Leslie and Sewell Stokes in which Morley made his first big impact on the theatrical world more than twenty years ago. Furthermore, its staging of the key scene in the story—the courtroom duel between Wilde and cross-examining lawyer Edward Carson (Ralph Richardson) in which the author was finally goaded into making a fatal blunder—generates more theatrical electricity than the parallel scene in the more elaborate film with James Mason as the antagonist.

Even so, the two pictures seem to me to furnish an unwitting demonstration that movie-makers would be well advised to steer clear of the subject of homosexuality.

The producers of both films would no doubt maintain that a biographical study of the destruction of a man who has a claim to greatness is legitimate dramatic material. They would argue that both films are scrupulously unsensational in intent and treatment, and that they are scarcely calculated to debase any audience intelligent enough to have an interest in them.

Yet it seems to me that if you are going to tell the story of a brilliant and in some ways extremely likeable man who was cruelly and, in a sense, unjustly treated by the law and public opinion, you must preserve a proper moral perspective and give equal time to a forthright confrontation of his character defects.

At the risk of being misunderstood, I must add that I think it virtually impossible, for a whole complex of reasons, to face up honestly to homosexuality when it is the central fact of a drama. This problem does not arise when homosexuality is alluded to peripherally and with repugnance as in *Suddenly Last Summer* or *Compulsion*. Neither film about Wilde faces up to it honestly.

From the Morley version, in fact, it is just possible to conclude that Wilde was the innocent victim of his curious taste in companions and his reckless disregard for the surface appearances of his conduct. On the other hand, in Morley's interpretation, the character is partially unsympathetic and does deteriorate. With *The Trial of Oscar Wilde* it is just the reverse. The film establishes the nature of Wilde's aberration unmistakably, though by tactful

inference, and yet it paints the writer as such a charming and gallant fellow that sympathy for the sinner comes close to turning into a defense of the sin. Especially is this true of the way in which the picture presents Wilde's eloquent but specious defense of his association with Lord Alfred Douglas.

In short, though the two films deal with unpleasant facts skillfully and without overt offensiveness, they are in part both irresponsible and untruthful. [L of D (both films): C]

MOIRA WALSH

THE WORD

With the pure in heart I will wash my hands clean, and take my place among them at Your altar, listening there to the sound of Your praises, telling the story of all Your wonderful deeds (Psalm 25:6-7—the *Lavabo* in the Mass).

As is well known, the celebrant of the Mass in the ancient ritual washed his hands after the offertory for the same prosaic reason that a bishop today does the identical thing after anointing in confirmation and holy orders—in order to wash his hands. In the course of receiving from the faithful their humble, sincere gifts of bread and wine (and, as we shall see, other things) during the offertory procession, the celebrant's hands had become necessarily soiled. Before proceeding with the sacrifice, he performed a simple ablution.

It stands to reason, however, that the obvious symbolism of the hand washing could never have been absent from the Christian mind. Men have always been profoundly convinced of the necessity for some kind of ritual purity, or at least purification, in their solemn dealings with divinity. There has probably never been a religion without lustrations. We know from the Gospels how particular the Pharisee of Christ's day was about hand washing, and the now celebrated Dead Sea scrolls have made it clear that elaborate ablutions figured largely in the monkish life at Qumran. John the Baptist seized on this act as the trademark of his movement and apostolate.

So, very early, the washing of hands in the Mass was accompanied by the recitation of appropriate verses from Psalm 25, verses which both mentioned and begged for interior purity of heart. *Be it mine to guide my steps*

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clear of wrong; deliver me in Your
mercy.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the purity of heart demanded by dealings and intimacy with almighty God is far more comprehensive than even the considerable virtue involved in Christian chastity. For example, the pure in heart are marked by such pronounced Christian virtues as fraternal charity.

We may notice here what we will observe again, that by an odd paradox love of neighbor is at once a major effect of the Eucharist and one of the major requirements in order that the Eucharist may be most effective. Too often we regard our Holy Communion and our assistance at Mass as individual and even private activity rather than as strongly communal actions. The altar rail is really meant to be a table, the extension of the altar table; and at this family table the Christian community gathers in oneness for its holy sacrifice and its holy food. Strife and bitterness ill become a true family, and as the priest washes his hands in the Mass, we may well and once again purge our hearts, at least by sincere renunciation, of all harshness and anger and resentment.

That word *renunciation* suggests another element in Christian purity of heart. We all urgently want many things because we all honestly (for the most part) need many things. But wanting things, not in the exact sense of lacking them but in the more common sense of longing and pining and fretting for them, can become a disease. It will always be difficult for Christians to be Christian in the way of fixing the heart and its desires first on God and then on things, even when those things appear to us to be strict necessities. Our Saviour has unequivocally told us: *Make it your first care to find the kingdom of God, and His approval, and all these things shall be yours without the asking.*

Of course, it continues to be laborious to achieve such Christian detachment. Let us not stop trying, however. As the priest, murmuring the purgative prayer, washes his hands, let us also make a brave new attempt to purge the heart of its painful longing for this, that and the other. Mass would be so much more wonderful if, during it, we thought more about what we are giving to God and less about what we hope to get from God.

It only takes a moment to wash the fingers, but it takes—oh, how long!—to wash the heart. Very well. Let us, God helping, get on with it.

VINCENT P. McCORRY, S.J.

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Now Father Kelly Tells Your Teen-Age Boy and Girl the Facts They Need to Know about LIFE and LOVE

VERY REV. MSGR.
GEORGE A. KELLY

The Catholic Youth's Guide to Life and Love

By Very Rev. Monsignor George A. Kelly,
With a Foreword and Imprimatur by
His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman,
Archbishop of New York

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A DOCTOR TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE, by James T. Gaddis, M.D. Physical changes of boys. Physical changes of girls. Health precautions. Sexual problems. "Facts of life." Why sexual stimulation should be avoided. Dangers of venereal sins. Venereal disease. Emotional changes.

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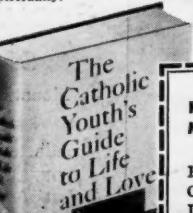
DATING NON-CATHOLICS. Dangers to your faith. Promises signed by the non-Catholic partner. Do mixed marriages make converts? Practical aids to avoid a break-up.

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What Cardinal Spellman Says About This Long-Needed Book

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